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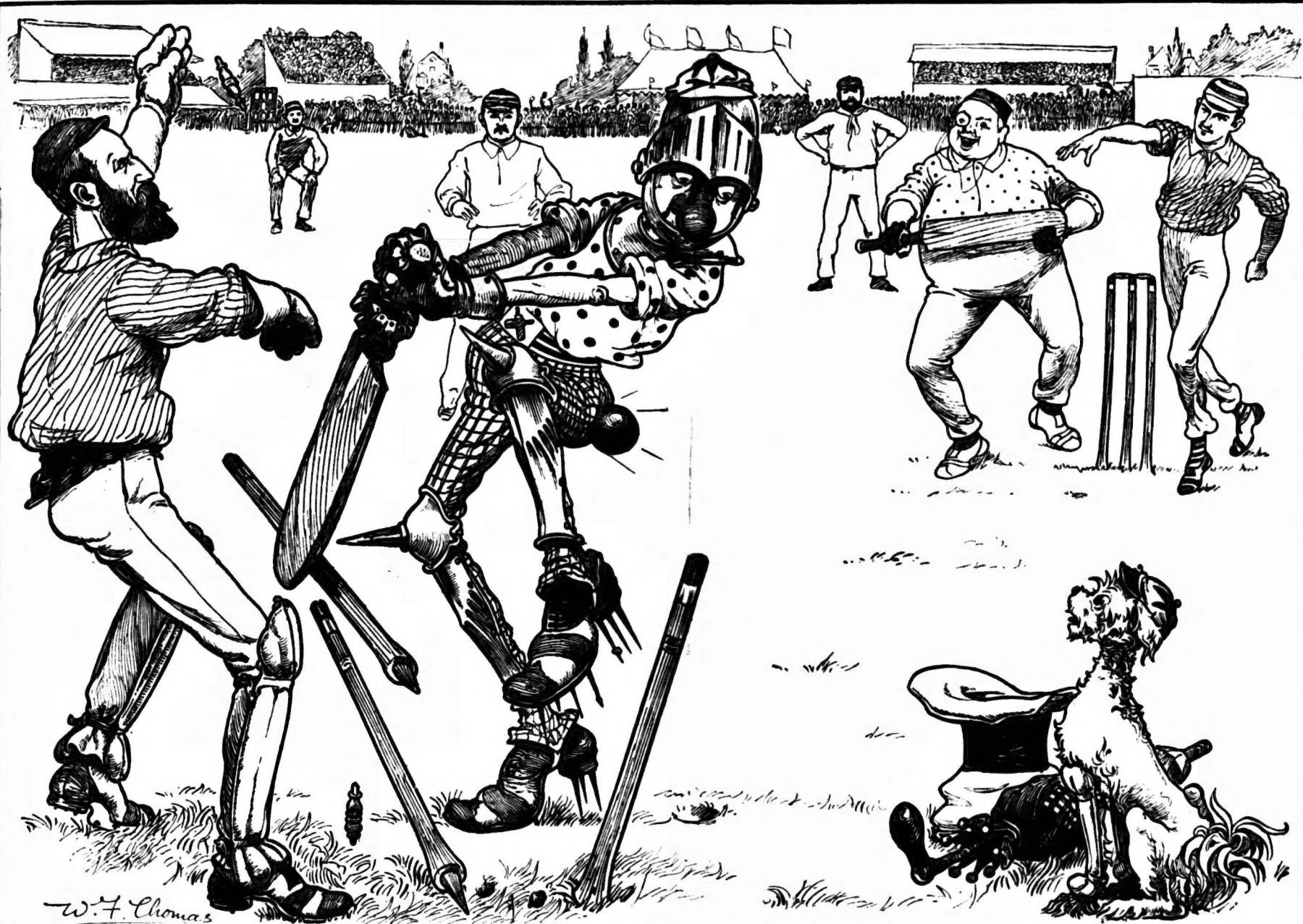
ally sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. V.—No. 217.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]



SLOPER'S ELEVEN V. AUSTRALIA.

"The long talked-of match came off at the Oval on Wednesday, resulting in an easy victory for Australia. Papa's batting was immense, and he was complimented more than once on a new style he seems to have taken on since last season. Among the casualties on our side are the dear Dook, a black eye; Bob, dislocated shoulder; Billy, four teeth knocked out; Mr. Moses, broken ribs; Mr. McGooseley, head seriously damaged; Mr. McNab, broken nose; Uncle Boffin, sprained ankle; and Alexandry, severe shock to the nervous system. Papa came off pretty well, considering."—TOOTSIE.

THE ART OF WHISTLING.

"Whistling females are becoming quite the rage in society."—Daily Paper.



1. "What's this?" said Kate Puckermouth to her friend Nellie. "Why, the very thing we've been looking for! Come in at once."

2. "Now den, ladies," said the instructor, "von, tu, tree—go. Oh, lor! oh, lor! you make von tamn mess of it. Stop; stop."

3. Success at last! The Duchess of — engages them, and with the assistance of James, the waiter, they cause a great sensation at her last "at home."

THE FEMALE SEXTON.

On the 10th of April, 1735, two men, Wilkinson and Sweet, were hanged in the Market Place at Kingston-on-Thames for robbing the parish church. They had tramped down from London with a scheme ready hatched for stealing the communion plate, by concealing themselves in the church after morning service for that purpose; but finding, after some trouble and loss of time, that this was impossible, they thought they had better content themselves by ripping off and carrying away the gold lace ornamenting the pulpit, and whilst thus engaged, they were surprised by the sexton, who had come to ring the two o'clock bell. The sexton, seeing what they were about, seized one by the collar and flung him over the reading-desk into the pew below, on which the other struck the sexton to the ground, and the two thieves then made off with the lace. They were betrayed a short time afterwards by a comrade, and so were executed, as we have seen, and their bodies afterwards taken into the "Castle Inn" yard, but Christian burial being denied them on account of the sacrilege they had committed, of their final disposal no record existed, until August, 1807, when some workmen digging a hole near Clattern Bridge, in what had been the inn's bowling-green, the skeletons were discovered.

Adjoining the old parish church of Kingston once stood the chapel of St. Mary, said to have been the scene of the coronation of several Saxon kings, and in which their effigies

were preserved; but on the 2nd of March, 1730, Abraham Hamerton and his daughter, Hester or Esther, and two other men employed in digging a grave close to one of the main pillars, brought the building down, and they and another person looking on were buried in the ruins. The father and one man and woman were killed outright, but Hester and the other man, her brother-in-law, after lying seven hours covered with the rubbish, were dug out alive, but severely injured. The man survived the accident sixteen years, and Hester forty-three, dying, aged sixty-eight; but, says the chronicler, "she received a hurt, which prevented her ever afterwards wearing stays."

She was, on her father's death, and at the age of twenty-five, appointed his successor, and was a "strong, robust, lusty woman, of comely countenance and good complexion." Her usual dress was a man's waistcoat and hat, a long loose gown, and a silk handkerchief tied round her neck; but on Sundays she would dress "extremely clean and neat, in a mob cap with frilled border and ribbon, and a nosegay in her bosom."

We are told, too, that she was very fond of all kinds of manly diversions, such as cricket, football, bull-baiting, "also of smoking, and associating with men." But no breath of scandal ever sullied her good name, and few ever dared affront her, for she was ever ready and clever with her fists. She possessed, indeed, great bodily strength, and would dig all the graves, and, to the last, ring the bell herself. In the church may yet be seen a portion of the chapel pillar which fell across the grave Hester was digging, saving her life at the time of her father's death, inscribed by the words, "Life preserved, 1731."

"William," babbled the Blue-Eyed, Bloodless Boy, "what are your sentiments as regards sextoning as a feminine occupation? Is it even ladylike?"

William shrugged his shoulders. "I should say," said he, "it was in fr a dig."

(Next week a horrid murder.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course. Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned should enclose stamps for that purpose.

JUBAL SHAW (Croft Street, Hyde).—No space.—WILLIAM BARBER (Breck Road, Liverpool).—Thanks.—T. BUTTERS (Harper Street, Manchester).—The "spud" has been placed among the "Relics."—THOMAS W. STROUD (Church Square, High Wycombe).—No space.—HARRY GARGA (Nelson Street, E.).—Thanks for congratulations.—J. S. PAGE (Cavendish).—Thanks, but crowded out.—TOTTIE DE VERE (Fulham).—Look in an Almanac for 1864.—A. DODSWORTH.—Mrs. S. is charmed with the "bib" for the Baby Sloper.—GEORGE BAGNELL (Princeton Street, W.C.).—Thanks.—MARTIN J. RIDLEY (Eastgate House, Reading).—The "gloves" have been placed among the "Relics."—E. CUTTRISH (High Street, Highgate).—All in good time.—A. C. WALLACE (William Terrace, Peckham Rye).—Thanks for congratulations.—S. S. KENNY (Peterboro' House, Glaskeon, Cork).—Very good of you.—H. S. LADELL (Holland House, Isleworth, W.).—Everyone in their turn, dear boy.—S. W. E. RIPPON (Highgate).—Thanks for congratulations.—W. VOL BECQUE (Princess's Theatre, Glasgow).—Quite right, dear chappie.—FREDDY HARVY (Selborn, Alton).—Thanks, muchly.—GEORGE R. HART (Castle Terrace, E.).—All in good time.—A LADY.—Oh, dear!—J. ROBERTS (Upper Pellipar Road, Woolwich).—Everyone in their turn.—A. E. KIMBER (Post Office, Eastbourne).—ALLY had to decline the office of Postmaster-General.—WILLIAM PARKINSON (Andrew Street, Preston).—So sorry for you.—S. L. M.—Hooray!—H. T. SOUTH (Bethnal Green Road, E.).—Everyone in their turn.—ALFRED WILMOT (Clement Lane, Bristol).—Fire away, then, and try for one.—N. S. (Tunstall).—Yes.—A. REEVES (Ashlin Road, Stratford).—The "key" has been placed among the "Relics."

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

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* The List will close SATURDAY, JUNE 30TH, 1888.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"You played your part in the ceremony very well, Laura; but do you know I've been congratulating myself all the time that I was not the 'happy man'?" remarked a cynical bachelor cousin to the bride. "Have you really?" exclaimed the bride. "How strange! So have I."

"It was my birthday yesterday, dear," said a sweet young thing, "and pa gave me such a lovely amber necklace—a bead for each year, you know." "Oh, yes, dear!" replied the other sweet young thing; "very nice, no doubt, but I don't care for such long necklaces."

SCENE—Ball room. Gentleman beholds friend making short tacks for the door.

First Friend. Hallo, old man! What's the matter? Anything wrong?

Second Do. Yes; my rent is in arrear.

First Do. Your rent is in arrear! But what's the use of making yourself miserable over that? Besides, I suppose your landlord will wait, won't he?

Second Do. It has nothing to do with my landlord. You misunderstood me. The rent I mean is in the rear of my trousers.

[Singles out backwards.]

"I DON'T see," said 'Arry, "as 'ow you've any call to run down my 'Arriett; she's been presented at Court, you know." "Eh—what?" cried 'Arry's mother, "the likes of er! Gar-on!" "It's a fac!" remarked 'Arry; "she were presented at Bow Street Police Court on'y last week."

"Look here, Jemmy," said the office boy's mother, "if you don't leave off readin' them there penny awfuls about pirates, ighway-men, and sichlike, you'll get so as you won't care about work at all." "I've got that way already, mother," returned the office boy.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 217.—The "Summer" Costume.



"Look here, Adolphus, you careless boy. You must take off your new suit, and put on your old things, before you go to play in the street. I can't afford to be always buying you clothes, and you've only had those two and a half years!"



"Short-Sighted Teetotaler. What a nuisance those brewers are! I shall sue them for damages. Brewer. No go, guv'nor; our motto is 'No Compensation!' and we means ter stick to it like leeches."



He. Confound it, Laura! you've been opening the tinned meat with this damnation razor again. It's as blunt as a piece of hoop-iron. I could manage the job better with the garden roller. Now own up—no fibs! She. Well, sir, s'pose I have? You're quite as bad, and a good deal worse. I shouldn't have brought it up, if you had not began it. What do you mean by using my curling-tongs to toast bloaters with—eh?



Sir Derry Down is down at his country seat in Downshire, and enjoys the recreation to be got on the downs, and also thinks he is a downey customer to have thought of meeting that part of the country.



"The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring (Gardens), tra-la!" Dedicated without permission to the Metropolitan Board of Works, hoping that the cap will fit.

AMID all his vicissitudes of fortune, ALLY has managed to maintain a healthy appetite. The other evening he dined with Stinger-man, and after a quarter of a pint of weak soup, one small cutlet, and a still smaller piece of cheese, Stingerman said, "I'm delighted to see you at my table, old man; you must dine again with us soon." "With pleasure," replied ALLY; "I'll dine again with you immediately, if you like."

"No, I ain't a-goin' to spend no money on telegraph messages, nor any cheat of that kind. Why, only last week Frank told me as how every message that's sent has to come by the post, so we may just as well write and save our money. What's that you say? You expect he meant the telegraph post? I dunno which post he meant, and I don't care, that's more," said Mrs. Clumberbump.

THIS is a word of warning
To all young and single men:
If ever you go courting,
Mind the *who*, the *where*, and *when*.

THIS is my experience,
Which I have too dearly bought;
If ever you go courting,
You are certain to be caught.

"OH, yes, we had snow two feet deep in this part of the country last winter," observed an Englishman. "Two feet deep!" exclaimed an American; "I guess that's no big licks. Why, in my country we often have it two *knees* deep, and after a blizzard we sometimes find it two *men* deep. Yes, sirree, that's so."

IT is one of those strange things, of which there are so many in connection with the stage, that an undress rehearsal means that the performers are all dressed; while a dress rehearsal means that they are—well, more or less *décolleté*, to say the least of it.

First Contributor (to "SLOPER'S H. H."). That was a mean trick of yours, Spiffins.

Second Ditto. What was that?

First Ditto. Why, sneaking that joke of mine, and sending it in as one of your own.

Second Ditto. Why, I've always understood that a man ought to be able to take a joke from a friend.

"I SAY, old man—er—d'you know—er—one—er—lower button—er—of your waistcoat—er—is—er—unfastened?" asked a third-class masher. "Yes, my boy," replied his acquaintance; "I always leave that undone on purpose, (*whisper*) "to show I'm wearing a white shirt, you know, and not a dickey."

"SINCE Smith came into that little bit of money, he seems bent on making a fool of himself," observed Jones. "Ah, well!" said Brown; "never mind, he's being bent now, he'll soon be straightened." "How?" asked Jones. "In circumstances," replied Brown.

'Tis wonderful how people will
Excuses find to shelve a bill.
Here are some of the things they say:—
"Papa is not at home to-day."
"I'm very busy; call again."
"I've only time to catch my train."
"My cheque book I have left behind."
"My purse I really cannot find."
"I've not had time to check your bill."
"The work was done exceeding ill."
"You ought to know I never pay."
But once a month, on such a day,
And there isn't one of all the crowd
That has the pluck to say aloud,
"I'm very sorry, Mr. Dash,
To-day I have not got the cash."

"WELL, my boy, how do you like married life?" enquired an old benedict. "Well," said young benedict, shrugging his shoulders, "I must confess I'm somewhat disappointed. The wife who before marriage was so romantic and thoughtful, has altered all that now, and turned really most extravagant." "Ah, I see! Then you can term her an *ex pensive* luxury," chuckled the old benedict.

IT is said that a knowledge of the piano is of assistance to those learning type-writing; but we should think that, after a few months' practice of the latter, there would be a great risk of mistaking "yours faithfully" for a minor chord, or "dear sir" for one of the five-fingered exercises.

Schoolmaster (explaining titles, etc.). The Queen is the only one who has the power to make anyone a peer. The person is recommended—Well, Thompson, what is it?

Boy. Please, sir, I think that's wrong, for I know as how the cove at the County Court made my father appear t'other day.

"AH, Mr. Porman! how are you?" enquired Mrs. Nouveau Riche. "You have not seen our new house. We shall be pleased to see you if you'll look in. Come, some evening, and have a little music." "Thank you very much, Mrs. Nouveau Riche, returned Mr. Porman, "but I always have my music where I dine."

"HALLO, Smith!" exclaimed Jones. "What are you in mourning for?" "For my sins," remarked Smith, sardonically. "Really! I wasn't aware you'd lost any," said Jones.

HE asked me to kiss him; of course I said, "No;"
My mother had told me 'twas best to act so;
Then the muff went away without further plea,
As though he'd been told that he must not kiss me.

THE other evening we noticed that the pearly tears were coursing each other down McGooseley's dirty cheek as he leaned against the bar, and on enquiring the cause of his grief, he replied, "Why, I wash readin' 'tish mornin' that when a man ish shtung by cobra d'capella in United Shtates, they always give him ash much whiskey ash he can hold ash antidote, and I wash wishing we'd got shome cobrash over here, that'sh all!"

"WHEN you get home, get your wife to use a syringe with some warm water," said an aurist, who had been examining his patient's ears. "But I'm not married," observed the patient. "Indeed!" exclaimed the aurist. "Then I should advise you to take a wife; you'll soon hear well enough then." "Thank you; I'd rather be deaf," replied the patient, with a shudder.

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

With a view of benefiting that portion of the public who purchase "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," original paintings by the most eminent artists will, from time to time, be given away. The first that is offered is a large oil painting by A. B. HOUGHTON, measuring 6 ft. 7 in. x 4 ft. 7 in., in a handsome gold frame, and representing

THE EXIT OF "USELESS MOUTHS" FROM A BESIEGED CITY.

This picture, which is in the artist's best style, is valued by Art connoisseurs as being worth £1,000. The award will not be made until June 30th. All that has to be done is to make ONE APPLICATION ONLY, by sending an Envelope with this announcement enclosed, together with the Name and Address of the Applicant. Address—

"ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION,"
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* This great masterpiece is now on view, and can be seen any day, free of charge, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 6 P.M., on production of a copy of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," at Messrs. VICARS BROTHERS' Fine Art Galleries, 5 Eagle Place, Piccadilly, London, S.W.

TOOTSIE AT THE "SIGNORARIES."

BILLY, who has not quite exactly come into money, but is in great hopes of soon doing so, and is borrowing something on the chance, has recently taken Lardi and I out to dine on several occasions to Italian restaurants, where we have been regaled upon macaroni, cagliari, Salami sausage, and Cacio-cavalli or Burriel Guscio cheese, quaffing the white Valtellina Bianco, Chianti, and Barolo. We have also visited and dined at the Italian Exhibition, and I advise you to follow our example without loss of time.



A handsome pair.

There are all sorts of pretty and wonderful things at the Exhibition, and the Quirinal dinner is a noble meal. There are, I say, lots of things to see. There is the Colosseum, brought over from Rome, or one built like it—I am not quite sure which. The Colosseum of Ancient Rome, I see in a book of Ma's, had sitting room for 80,000, and standing room for 20,000 persons, and was 1,600 feet long, and 165 feet high, but I fancy this one is a bit smaller. There is also the Forum, where Brutus killed Julius Caesar for saying Bacon wrote Shakespeare.

Then there is the Blue Grotto, recently situated on the Island of Capri. The grotto is 160 feet long, 120 feet wide, and 70 feet high. How deep it is no one knows. It goes to the bottom of the ocean, or deeper. Unfortunately, they could not bring the bottom over with the rest. The diorama of Dolci Napoli and Mount Vesuvius should not be overlooked. Billy says that when he did the "grand tour," he climbed up Vesuvius, and cooked eggs over the crater, and poked a bit of paper into a fissure, and lit his pipe. He says Vesuvius takes a good deal of getting up. It's easier to do it by diorama. The Tuscan Farm-house should be visited, and the Borghese Gardens, and the sculpture and oil paintings, of both of which there is a brave show, the Italian people being given that way.

We were rather startled by discovering that wretched boy Alexandry eating an ice, and carrying on with a couple of signorinas. How he managed to get into the building goodness knows, but we suppose there must be a weak place somewhere in the palings. As to the ice, if he bought it himself, Evelina's money-box has probably suffered—and surely a penny a lump outside would have been good enough! I don't really know what boys are coming to.

Almost as soon as we entered the building, Billy, much to Lardi's annoyance, mysteriously disappeared. I, however, was not much concerned in consequence, and dined very comfortably with a good-looking young Italian gentleman, who graphically explained the manufacture of macaroni, erroneously described in the dictionary as a droll or jack-pudding, or a kind of biscuit made of flour, eggs, sugar and almonds. The Italian gentleman says that in his country it is bought by the yard, and measured on the counter like ribbon at the draper's.

According to a book of Ma's, dated 1772, a macaroni was a masher, and, after describing one's dress, the author says, "Such a figure, essenced and perfumed, puzzles the passer-by to determine the thing's sex, and many a time a porter has said, 'By your leave, madam,' without intending to give offence."

But with regard to Billy, he presently, it seems, reappeared. Lardi, coming across an organ-man discoursing sweet music, and being about to bestow a penny on him as an award of merit, suddenly recognised Billy himself, thus artfully disguised, and, as he pretended, for the purpose of keeping an eye on Lardi's movements; but we think for the purpose of carrying on with a signorina.

The Italian gentleman, to whom we confided our opinions, said it was a pity we had no enchanted mirror like that the Paduan quack, Baptisti Damiozzi, used to show the clandestine marriage and infidelity of Sir Philip Forester in, in order to confirm our suspicions. Billy, perhaps, was glad we had not, for there is no telling what we might have seen of his philanderings.

Whatever you do, don't miss the mandolinists, or the marionettes in the Universal Deluge. It's a pity there are no banditti at the Exhibition. I hoped to find some.

TWENTY SILVER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK

To Purchasers of
ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:—

THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT,

"The Sloperies,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," June 23rd, 1888.

Name

Address

Age

Occupation, if any

How many times applied

How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday"

The list for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, June 27th, 1888. The Result of the Competition of June 16th, 1888, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for June 30th, 1888.

98th WEEK.

RESULT OF JUNE 9th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded

"SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. CHARLES H. SPILLER, Insurance Broker, 5 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street. Age, 47½ years. Subscriber—since commencement. LONDON.
2. JOHN GUNNER, Grocer, 150a High Street, Peckham. Age, 29 years. Subscriber—since start. LONDON.
3. ALFRED BERRY, Staff doorkeeper, Royal Aquarium, Westminster. Age, 32 years. Subscriber—2 years, 2 months. LONDON.
4. JOHN ELLIS OWEN, Farmer, Dwygir. Age, 14. Subscriber—3½ years. AMLWCH.
5. JOHN HENRY HUGHES, Chemist's Apprentice, Glan-y-traeth. Age, 15 years. Subscriber—3 years. BARMOUTH.
6. JAMES WILSON, Goods Guard, N. B. R., 6 West Field Park. Age, 34 years. Subscriber—from beginning. ESKBANK.
7. T. NICOLL, Scholar. Age, 15 years. Subscriber—3½ years. MEIGLE.
8. EDWIN J. DENNING, Painter, care of Mr. E. Church, High Street. Age, 27 years. Subscriber—18½ months. MIDSUMER NORTON.
9. EDWIN PRYOR, Grocer, High Street. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—2 years, 17 weeks. SHEFFORD.
10. C. MITCHELL, Clerk, 16 Castleton Street. Age, 42 years. Subscriber—3 years, 9 weeks. BRYASK.
11. H. E. PARRY, Solicitor, 241 Bristol Road. Age, 31 years. Subscriber—since October, 1884. BIRMINGHAM.
12. GEORGE HILTON, Warehouseman, 311 St. Helen's Road, Middle Hulton. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—3 years. BOLTON.
13. JAMES KIPPEN, Labourer, 54 Constellation Street, Splotland. Age, 46 years. Subscriber—since commencement. CARDIFF.
14. JOHN HENRY JOHNSON, Clerk, 2 Canning Street. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—3 years, 5 months. CHESTER.
15. EDWARD KAVANAGH, Commission Agent, 8 South Anne Street. Age, 31 years. Subscriber—over 3 years. DUBLIN.
16. R. H. ARNOTT, Commission Agent, 31 Apley Place. Age, 40 years. Subscriber—3 years, 18 weeks. GLASGOW.
17. ALFRED SHANDE, Victoria Court, Booth Ferry Road. Age, 40 years. Subscriber—3 years, 5 months. GOOLE.
18. WILLIAM MITCHELL, Engineer, 49 Milton Road. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—3 years, 44 weeks. GRAVESEND.
19. JOHN BENJAMIN FISH, Book-keeper, Kerry Road. Age, 47 years. Subscriber—from commencement. NEWTOWN.
20. CHARLES W. BLOW, Indoor Servant, Merley. Age, 28 years. Subscriber—3 years. WIMBORNE.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

"No woman e'er was loved, Pauline,
As thou art loved by me;
My soul flows on towards thy soul
As river unto sea;
Our spirits were ordained to meet
As surely as our hearts to beat.

'Twas thus upon a summer's night
I told thee, years ago,
Of burning love that rent my frame
With wild volcanic throes;
And I believe I told you true,
And you inclined to take my view.

My goodness gracious, how we spooned
And mooned about the pier,
And talked about the ocean's voice
Until your parents, growing stern,
To town compelled your swift return.

And, ere you had been gone a week,
My vagrant soul went out
To mingle with a kindred soul
That drifted thereabout:
Her hair was gold, her eyes were blue;
A bright brunette, I think, were you.

Brief and more brief your letters grew:
I fancied you perceived
Within my notes a waning love,
And I was deeply grieved—
Until you wrote, "Forget me, pray;
I shall be wed a month to-day."

And then I felt a savage thrill,
But checked the rising curse,
Because I found it hard to judge
Whose turpitude was worse.
At this I let the matter rest—
That everything is for the best.

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a delineation of their character must send a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to—

"ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelopes. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Answers cannot be guaranteed within fourteen days, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

AN UPSET.

It was ever so long ago on Hampstead Heath—I mean it was more than twenty years ago.

It was holiday-time on the Heath, too, and a young man and a young woman had come there by the yellow 'bus up the hill to enjoy themselves; and with them were walking another young man and young woman, and they were brother and sister.

The engaged couple were John Stokes and Bessie Trimmer.

Stokes was an energetic carpenter. Bessie was in the boot-closing line, and a very pretty boot-closer, too.

But Stokes was saying to his Bessie, "You've been giggling a great deal too much with Bill. You may know his sister, but that ain't any particular reason why you should have volunteered to lend him a pin for his winkles in the Vale of Health."

"I've been introduced to him a long time," said Bessie. "Never you mind," said John; "I ain't so precious fond of having such a kit of acquaintances."

Bessie got rather cross. However, she got around again when John proposed peace and donkey rides.

"But, first of all," said John, "let's have our photos taken in a group, and then separate."

They had their portraits taken in a group. Then they had their portraits taken separately.

John gave Bessie his photo, and asked for hers.

"You're a bad boy," she said, "and I won't give it you till we're going home."

John was rather wild at this, but went and collared a supply of donkeys as bold as if he had been the Prince of Wales. They set off racing on the donkeys. John's was a slow donkey, and though that particular donkey's particular boy kindly twisted his tail, rattled a kettle between his hind legs, and threw a brickbat at him, yet he would not go. Bill, then, and Bessie were a long way ahead of them, and out of sight. John didn't like this.

As they were going home, John said something to Miss Bessie.

"Where's your photo?" She couldn't find it. She began to cry.

John said, "You've given it to that there Bill. I'll have no more to do with you. I'm off to Australy, as I meant to go before I met you. Get along." John kept his word.

Twenty years had gone by.

A man with a long beard was walking on Hampstead Heath.

"A queer idea of mine," he was saying to himself, "to leave my wife and girls at the 'Metropole,' simply to come tramping about here. I wonder what would have come of me if I had married little Bessie! I got on in the colony, and married money. I wonder if I'm happy! She was a good little body, but a jilt. She gave that portrait to Bill Smith, I'll be bound."

He walked on the road towards the "Spaniards."

"It was about here I lost sight of them," he said. He stepped from the road, and climbed down the slope.

He began to amuse himself by poking with his stick about the sand by a gorse bush. He turned the sand up a good bit. Suddenly he jerked a bit of rusty tin and glass out of the sand. He stooped down and picked it up.

"Why, it might be the photo. She might have jerked it off when she was on the donkey."

It was the photo.

He was an energetic man. He made enquiries about Bessie Trimmer. She had kept single. Before he went back to Australia, she one day received a letter—"Let bygones be bygones, Bessie, forgive me. I've never been particularly happy, though I'm rich.—JOHN STOKES."

Enclosed was a cheque for £100.



"You've been giggling a great deal too much with Bill."



They had their portraits taken in a group.



They set off racing on the donkeys.

GNAT-URAL BUT NOT NATURAL.—(An Ungnatural Incident.)



They went over handsome—at least, they thought so; but afterwards, even they, with their conceit, could not prevent the dogs running away in affright every time they approached.



"KID" AND CALF.

Chubby. Oh! consent to be my wife, Miss Fluke, and the fatted calf shall be killed for—
She (interrupting). Oh! but I should be then left a widow, Mr. Chubby!
[Chubby thinks it over.]

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 31.—MISS VIOLET CAMERON.

"I never could resist a pretty face." —The Dook Snook.
"With a passion very tender I adore her." —Lord Bob.
"I'm very sad, unhappy and dejected—this charming woman has my love rejected." —The Hon. Billy.

AT LARGE!

"At a certain police-court, a youngster, aged two years and one month, was charged with begging. The Inspector asked that the case might stand over, as he could not find the prisoner."—Daily Paper.



1. A rogue and vagabond, aged twenty-five months, is in our very midst! The criminal has escaped the vigilance of the police, and is at large. All law-abiding citizens must pray for his speedy capture. It is gratifying to know the machinery of the law is in active motion.



2. The most vigorous search is being made, detectives are extremely active, and, it is said, possess a clue, and the general impression at Scotland Yard is that, sooner or later, the youngster must be taken; a consummation devoutly to be wished. For, till then, we ask ourselves, who is safe?



3. Still, it is reassuring to know that the authorities are not leaving a stone unturned. The whole strength of the force is paraded hourly in full uniform. Mounted police are seen scouring our highways and byways, and detectives, artfully disguised, may be observed at every street corner.



4. Latest intelligence. It is reported that the criminal has been recaptured. It appears that Police-constable Ponkins, when about to put on one of his bluchers, felt something alive in it. "Caught!" he exclaimed; but on shaking the boot it turned out to be only a blackbeetle.



5. Still later intelligence. The police have a clue; as in most criminal cases, a female appears to be at the bottom of it. A young person has been observed carrying someone supposed to be the youth. Intelligence later still. The young person has been arrested. What was supposed to be the miscreant was her doll.



6. Granted that the police are doing their utmost to recapture this rogue and vagabond, and that their energies will be crowned with success in all probability; still, till then, it behoves every householder, for the protection of those near and dear to him, to look to himself.

THE LAIRD CONTINUES IN INIQUITY.—BRIGANDAGE RAMPANT.



1. The Laird appeared at the Elder's door with two hired assassins (fra' Glesky), and roared, "Cnn oot, yer yelpin' rhinoserus, and see what yer friends hae got for you."

2. Of course the dear, kind Elder responded to the invitation promptly, saying, "Am in a bit o' a hurry tae catch the 'Iona,' sonny, and thought ye widna mind gieing me the pleasure o' yer company by the bit short cut—"

3. And continued, "Dinna splutter quite so much, dear old laddie, it's no becomin' in a man o' yer elevated position, and, besides, think, duckie, yer in the presence o' an Elder o' the kirk."



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Like a frisky young lamb seeking for mint sauce, I again dash on the scene of action. Ladies and Gentlemen, what think you of my bleating?—Why should the lords charge what they like, All honour to the cabmen's strike:—An execution here we see, From pain they say it is quite free:—The General felt exceedingly wild, When shamefully his boots were soiled:—A good idea, a noble plan, 'Twould be to form a female clan:—The food which our brave soldiers eat Is, mayhap, good, but where's the meat?—The ladies in New York's gay town In chewing-gum spend every brown:—This desperate cur will soon, I hope, Be dangling from a length of rope.—Like Alexander, again I'm off, seeking fresh worlds to conquer, or anything else that comes in my way. But list, I hear the luncheon bell! On, on, bold spirit! pluck up thy courage, and show you are well worthy of bearing the title of—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

THE WAREHOUSE CRANE



ALLY-CAMPANE.

CAPTAIN SHAW, like General Lord Wolseley, is an alarmist in his tone. Here are a few of the more pregnant utterances which Captain Shaw delivered recently:—"It was desirable to have fire-escape men on duty in the day; but it was utterly impossible to provide for anything of the kind at present, because they were undermanned already;" "they were not supplied with one-half the stations they required;" "What, in his judgment, was necessary, he considered to be the doubling of the night service." But, Captain, if you cannot get the men, why not try a brigade of females? They would be far more attractive to the eye, you know, and a fire would be then worth seeing.



THEY will apparently drive the organ-grinders altogether from Paris. The *hat* has gone forth that they shall no more play their discordant notes in the streets of the "gay city." If they should attempt to do so, they will be trotted off to the station, and their instruments impounded. The prohibition, however, only applies to the principal thoroughfares. In courts or alleys the grinder may wind out his misery as long as he pleases, provided he has secured the permission of the police. London is likely to be pretty lively with them this year.

THE MOHAWK MINSTRELS, as black as thunder, but seemingly frisky as lightning, are enacting their dark deeds nightly, with great success, at the Elephant and Castle Theatre. Harry Hunter, looking big enough to swallow the whole troupe, is there as usual, and, in conjunction with Little Thomas and Walter Howard, keeps the house in one roar of merriment.

PASTEUR'S microbes don't hurt Australian rabbits. From this we conclude that the present generation of Australian rabbits, at all events, will not be microbed off the face of the earth.

NOW is the time to pack up your trunks, sling your field glasses, and trot off seawards. The weather ought to be depended on for a few days at this time of the year, but as there is every probability of winter beginning somewhere in August, it would be as well to seize the first opportunity. The Sloperian family start in a few days, and in the next number we shall depict their departure. Of course the London season will almost terminate with their flight from town, as it is a well-known fact that where'er they go society follows.

BRONCHOT, a Frenchman, kept a wine-shop in Paris. One of the numerous customers whom Madame Bronchot's beauty attracted to her husband's counter was a young man of good appearance. Thinking one day that hubby's eye was not upon him, he ventured to go behind the counter and to kiss her. Bronchot was, however, at hand, and in the twinkling of an eye he had his revolver out, and the foolish young man's brains were soon laying on the floor. Bronchot, at his trial, was acquitted with flying colours, the members of the jury taking his part to a man.

ANYONE who wants to see an illuminated portrait of A. SLOPER, Esq., should stop opposite Rockett's Magic Advertising Agency, 418 Strand, where every evening they can see something that will astonish them. Not only does the festive Rockett exhibit the portrait of the Friend of Man, but he also shows the weekly cartoon of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," enlarged to about the size of an ordinary house.

THE deaf mutes of Paris, says the correspondent of a daily newspaper in that city, held their second annual banquet the other night. "The spectacle" was a most remarkable one. About 200 persons were present, and not one of them was able to speak. Would it not have been more wonderful if a deaf mute had spoken?

MRS. SHAW, the female whistler, in spite of the dexterous interviewer, is still a fresh attraction. She whistled two long pieces at a concert recently to the accompaniment of a piano; and her range, accuracy and power are certainly most remarkable. Mrs. Shaw has a striking appearance. She is above the middle height, has a round, plump face, and fine large dark eyes, full of expression. Her complexion is the clear, beautiful, rather olive palor of the American type. She purses her lips, starts off, and goes through her performance before a crowded and a staring room with absolute equanimity.



trilling and shaking in the most wonderful and melodious manner.

MESSRS. Templer, Saxe, and Martyn Van Lennep, gave their first musical and dramatic *soirée*, last week, at St. George's Hall. May it not be the last. The entertainment was of an exceptionally high-class character, the performers being all artistes well known in the musical world.

ONE of the latest originalities in societies is an Anti-Kissing Association. It is almost unnecessary to say most of the members

are on the shady side of sixty. The founder of this laudable institution went very near being expelled the other day. She kissed her poodle. Fortunately there was a saving clause in the rules and regulations. Kissing puppies is now allowed. Mashers please note. One of the penalties for violation of the code compels the offender to kiss every member twenty times. The rule in question is broken daily, because there is one male member. Perhaps if the society was provided with more of the sort of female here depicted, many men would join—who knows?

"SPIDER AND JOSH," the well-known niggers, are making a big sensation with the song, "Sister Mary walked like that." You ought to have seen them at Ascot, dressed in white and gold, giving a special performance for the edification of the Sloper Family, who, as you know, were there in full force. There is no doubt about it that Spider and Josh take the cake in the nigger business, and the engagements they get are positively astonishing!

AT the invitation of the genial Mr. Lusby, the Eminent, accompanied by Tootsie, Lord Bob, Mrs. Sloper, Alexandry, and the Elder McNab of that ilk, visited the Royal Foresters, on Saturday evening, June 9th. Met at the door by the proprietor, the Family were escorted to their box to the strains of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes!" played by the admirable band belonging to the establishment. The enthusiasm of the large audience assembled was positively appalling. Arthur West was wicked enough in one of his songs to say that if Lord Bob didn't look after Tootsie he'd take her down to Greenwich for tea and shrimps. Naughty Mr. West! What would Mrs. West say, we wonder? The ever-popular Harry Randall made frequent allusions to ALLY in his Tobogganing song, and altogether it was a regular Royal-Ally-Forester-Sloper-Lusby sort of evening; and Mrs. Lusby's kindness to the Family will long be remembered.

SHE is very young, and worth ten million dollars; her name is Miss May Sharpless. The New York "sissies"—new name for Yankee mashers—are raving over her. This young million-heiress's pa, who made his pile out of dry goods, was awfully anxious that little May should be nurtured on golden cakes and silver junkets; but much to his annoyance, she preferred the candy shop. We don't know if this broke his heart, but certain it is he didn't long survive it.

THE General Steam Navigation Company seem to have taken a new lease of life, for, after appearing asleep for the last two or three years, they have suddenly awakened with a sort of hop, skip, and a jump. The official trip of their new steamship, *Maria*, as compact a little steamer as ever was launched, went off as well as could be desired. Another vessel, of similar make, will be set afloat in a few days, and two more are being built. All these vessels are to carry passengers between London, Ramsgate, Margate, and Yarmouth; and A. SLOPER will take good care to patronise the company more than once during the season.

MASTER FREDERICK BARNARD and his friend, Master Edward Burgess, aged respectively ten and nine years, are, to say the least, slightly in error, and will be able to find it out during the three years' rest they have secured in a reformatory school. They by some means obtained possession of a pig on which they commenced "to play." First they hung the poor animal up to a post, then stabbed it through the ear with a knife, cut off one of its fore legs, and half its tail, thrust a stick down its throat, and then made it run about while they pelted it with stones, finally ripping it open. A pretty pair of boys. How would a dose of the same torture suit them?

"THEATRES are going to the d—l this weather," quoth McMouther, "and actors may just as well visit their favourite pubs, and imbibe their 'alf-and-alf,' as appear on the stage." But for all that, Mrs. Bernard-Beere seems to be doing grand "biz." in *Masks and Faces*. Her rendering of the part of Peg Woffington is entirely original, and it is that of a good-hearted madcap. Her acting requires being seen twice or thrice before it can be fully appreciated.

DURING the last few months London has been intersected by a network of wires for the special use of the police force. The concentration of a large body of constables on short notice will in future be an easy matter. The central police offices are also connected either by telegraph or telephone with the fire brigade stations, the War Office, the Home Office, the House of Commons, and the House of Lords, as well as with the private residences of the superior officers. Any message handed in at a postal telegraph office by a police officer is to take preference of any others, no matter what business they have otherwise in hand.



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 30TH, 1888.

24th June, 1830.—The last person who "stood in the pillory" in England was Peter John Bossey, who this day stood in the pillory in the Old Bailey for one hour. He had been convicted of perjury, and was sentenced to seven years' transportation, as well as to this exposure in the pillory. In Charles II.'s time the pillory was sometimes set up at the Temple Gate, and here the wretch, Titus Oates, stood, amidst showers of unsavoury eggs and the curses of those who had learned to see the horror of his crime. One of the last sufferers from this punishment in Pall Mall was a notorious lady, of the stamp of Mrs. Cornely, who was pelted with rotten eggs by the gentry as well as the rabble, and, if tradition may be believed, by the soldiery as well.

24th June, 1837.—The South Kensington Museum was this day opened.

24th June, 1751.—An attempt was this day made to suppress the drinking of spirituous liquors in this country.

25th June, 1823.—A dissolute law-student, being refused money by his father, this day, seized a brace of loaded pistols, and, first shooting his parent, then shot himself. The paricide was buried in the cross-roads, and was the last so interred. The practice of burying in cross-roads is due to the ancient practice of erecting a cross at such places. Those who were excluded from holy rites were piously buried at the foot of the cross erected on the public road, as the place next in sanctity to consecrated ground.

25th June, 1856.—The following is a cutting from a Chester newspaper of this date:—"Mr. W. H. Osborne, of Perry Pont House, Perry Bar, Staffordshire, has a perfectly green rose in flower in his new rose-house. The rose, called *Rosa Verdiflora*, is of a full rich green. The tree was procured from a French nurseryman."

25th June, 1634.—John Marston, an English dramatist, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and was upon terms of intimacy with Ben Jonson, died this day.

26th June, 1613.—An instance of spontaneous combustion of the human body occurred this day at Christ Church, in Hampshire. "One John Hitchell, a carpenter, having ended his day's work, came home and went to rest with his wife. Her mother, being frightened in her sleep, called to them for help. None answering, she started up and waked her daughter, who found her husband dead by her side. She dragged him out of bed into the street, but the heat then forced her to let him go. He lay burning there for three days—not that there was any appearance of fire outwardly, but only a smoke ascending from his carcass, till it was burnt to ashes, except only a small part of his bones."—*The Hiv: or, Weekly Register of Remarkable Events*.

26th June, 1684.—Robert Leighton, Archbishop of Glasgow, who died this day, often remarked that if he had the choice of a place to die in, he should select an inn. He compared the world to such a place, and the Christian to a wayfarer tarrying at it, and he thought it undesirable to be surrounded by sorrowing friends and officious servants at the solemn hour of death. This curious wish was fulfilled, for he died at the "Bell Inn," Warwick Lane, London.

27th June, 1806.—Buenos Ayres was this day invaded by the English, and the treasure taken was brought to London on the 20th of September in the same year. Fear is an ally of disease. While the plague was raging in Buenos Ayres, the grave-diggers bore charmed lives. Of the three hundred men so employed, not one died of the disease.

27th June, 1550.—Charles IX., the son of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis, was born this day. Charles, having once gone to dine with a gentleman near Carcassone, a thick cloud descended, and burst with an explosion like that of thunder, when there fell a shower of sugar-plums, in the form of hail, followed by a gentle dew of perfumed water."—"St. Foix's Observations," Paris.

27th June, 1844.—Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon sect, and his brother, were this day murdered at Carthage, Illinois, by a mob, who broke into the debtors' prison where they were confined.

28th June, 1857.—At the Lewisham Station, on the North Kent Railway, two trains this day came into collision. Eleven persons were either killed on the instant or injured, so that they died before their removal. Besides these, 163 passengers were more or less injured. The stoker and driver of the train were committed for trial, but acquitted. In the autumn of 1845 the whole country went mad upon the subject of railway construction. Fresh schemes were projected daily, and the *Times* came out as three whole sheets daily, the greater part of which were filled with railway advertisements, the receipts of which amounted in nine weeks to £44,056 13s. 6d. During the whole of the time this magnificent profit was being made, the leading articles day after day denounced the infatuation, and foretold the inevitable result. When the crash came, the independence of the English press never had more glorious manifestation.

28th June, 1838.—Coronation of Queen Victoria. The theatres, and nearly all other places of amusement, were, by Her Majesty's command, opened gratuitously in the evening. A fair was also commenced in Hyde Park, which continued to the end of the week.

29th June, 1764.—In the year 1720, the delivery of letters was greatly facilitated by the institution of "cross-posts," a system introduced by Mr. Ralph Allen, who died on the above date, and whose services in this respect are immortalized by Pope in these lines:—

"Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

29th June, 1761.—This day the City Road, from Islington to Old Street, was opened for passengers and carriages, and the Dog-house Bar taken away.

29th June, 1817.—Bible societies were condemned by a bull of Pius VII., bearing this date. There is one verse in the Bible which contains every letter in the English alphabet. Here it is:—"And I, even I, Artaxerxes the King, do make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Ezra the priest, the scribe of the law of the God of Heaven, shall require of you, it be done speedily."—Ezra vii., 21.

30th June, 1882.—Many people were at a loss to understand how, in the slang of 1881-2, champagne was called "the boy." For the benefit of our readers and that of posterity, the following, from the *Sporting Times* of the above date, may be useful:—"At a shooting party in Norfolk, a youth was told off to supply the shooters with champagne. The day being hot, and the sportsmen thirsty, cries of 'Boy! boy! boy!' were heard all day long. This tickling the fancy of the royal and noble party, the term 'boy' became applied to champagne."

30th June, 1797.—Richard Parker, the mutineer at the Nore, was this day hanged at the yard-arm of the *Sandwich*, off Sheerness. His body was afterwards deposited at "The Hoop and Horse Shoe," in Queen Street, Little Lower Hill, by his wife, who had brought it from the churchyard at Sheerness, where it was buried after the execution.

ALLY SLOPER'S
FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the Proprietor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who should happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom. PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 10 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED AT LAST.

"The trade of 'knotmaker' or 'tier of cravats' is not one of the least lucrative callings in Paris. There are persons who make an average of £2 a night at it."—Daily Paper.



WHAT with your son 'tis best to do, Has caused discussion vast; But, thanks to our Parisian friends, The problem's solved at last.

The Church and Army are o'erstocked; The lawyers starve by scores; And trade is not worth following By reason of the Stores.

Learning and science now are stale— Unprofitable, flat; So teach your boy the noble art Of tying a cravat.

Two pounds a night he thus may gain— That's forty shillings more Than he would earn if he remained

Intent on bookish lore.

GRAMERCY!

GRAMMAR is a very peculiar thing and requires careful handling, you are liable to get fogged, as old Chumfoose was the other day with his grandson after dinner. "Yes, my dear; you see, port is positive, and it is positively a very good thing, too, especially when it's been a few years in bottle. Then, porter is the comparative—that is to say, that it is comparatively better as far as price and quantity are concerned. Then, the superlative would be the supporter who is required by those who support or supporter to a great extent. Eh, what! you don't understand me, my dear? Well, perhaps not. Run away and play, and I'll have forty winks."

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

The Friend of Man is now giving Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—one to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish what the Applicant is in want of, and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT,

"The Sloperies,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," June 23rd, 1888.

Name

Address

Want

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

73rd WEEK.

RESULT OF JUNE 9th COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

"SLOPER PRESENTS,"

1. SARAH JANE HOLT, 26 Rosebery Terrace, Colno Road. BURNLEY.

A CHINA BISCUIT BARREL.

2. THOMAS W. HURST, Bank House, Warton, CARNFORTH.

A CRICKET-BALL AND WICKETS.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address are enclosed with the advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Address—TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

HARRIET, dark, aged 21, cheerful, and of a loving disposition, wishes to correspond with a dark young gentleman who would make kind and affectionate husband. Harriet has a small income. Please send photo, which will be returned, to—"HARRIET," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

TWO YOUNG GENTLEMEN, aged 21 and 23, holding good positions in India, and of good appearance, would like to correspond with nice-looking young ladies of the same age or younger, and who have means, with a view to matrimony. They have not been long in the country, and the part they live in is considered very healthy. Both in the best of health. Photo exchanged, which will be returned if required. Address—"JACK AND JIM," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

TWO YOUNG LADIES (sisters) wish to correspond with two gentlemen in good positions. Maud, aged 23, brown hair, hazel eyes, is musical, domesticated, and affectionate. Eva has dark brown hair and eyes, is cheerful, domesticated, considered pleasant-looking, aged 21. She would prefer one rather tall and dark. Photos, etc., to—"MAUD OR EVA," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 23, with an income of £250 a year, considered good-looking, would like to correspond with a young lady about the same age with a view to matrimony. Must be domesticated and of music. Address, enclosing photo, which will be returned, to—"ROBERTO," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

ALICE, rather tall, fair, grey eyes, light chestnut hair, and brilliant complexion, moves in good society, wishes to correspond with a middle-aged gentleman in trade, with a view to marriage, elderly gentlemen being so much more amusing than young men. Address—"ALICE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* NOTE.—Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the above advertisements. Advertisements already received, which do not appear above, will appear as soon as space admits.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

* It has come to the knowledge of A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M., that there are those who doubt the genuineness of the Letters published from numerous celebrities acknowledging the receipt of his "AWARD OF MERIT." A. SLOPER, Esq., T.W.M., wishes to assure his patrons that every letter that has been published under the title of "THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX" is bona fide, and a Prize of £100 and the "AWARD OF MERIT" itself will be given to anyone who can prove the contrary.

THE NEW GALLERY, 121 REGENT STREET, W., June 1st, 1888.

DEAR ALLY.—I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your communication, together with the very handsome certificate which accompanies it. In common with all who have enjoyed the favour of ALLY SLOPER, I feel much honoured by the distinction that has been conferred on me, though I am only too conscious how slender in my case is the merit which has provoked such a magnificent and generous "Award." Yours humbly, J. COMYNS CARR.

ATHERSTONE HOUSE, FELLOWS ROAD, SOUTH HAMPSTEAD, June 2nd, 1888.

MY DEAR ALLY.—I have always thought you to be a great art critic, and now that you have bestowed your much-coveted diploma on me, I am confirmed in my opinion. I thought I recognised the famous umbrella with the attendant at the Grosvenor at the private view. I did not find you, however, in the galleries, where I hoped to meet you in the flesh; perhaps, if I had searched below at the bar, I might have found you in spirit—as I have so long known you. With many thanks, and very best love to the fair Tootsie, I am proud to sign myself, sincerely yours, ARTHUR HACKER, F.O.S.

3 STRATFORD AVENUE, KENSINGTON, June 2nd, 1888.

DEAR SIR.—I am exceedingly flattered by your appreciation of my picture, and by the "Award of Merit" which you have so kindly sent me. It shall have a place of honour in my studio.

Yours truly,

J. R. WEGUELIN.

To ALLY SLOPER, Esq.

THE AVENUE, 76 FULHAM ROAD, June 4th, 1888.

MY DEAR MR. ALLY SLOPER.—I am very proud indeed at finding myself amongst the favoured ones this year. Accept my most cordial thanks for the very interesting document you have been so kind as to send me. I shall always treasure it, and as it will be constantly before my eyes, I shall scarcely fail, when next I am engaged on a large statue, to profit by the valuable suggestion the portrait of yourself enthroned offers for the treatment of such a work. Believe me, yours very sincerely, ALFRED GILBERT.

ROSENSTEAD, AVENUE ROAD, N.W., June 5th, 1888.

HONOURED SLOPER.—As your taste on all matters connected with the fine arts cannot be doubted, and is known in every part of the United Kingdom, I beg to assure you that I am deeply sensible of the great honour you have been pleased to confer upon me by the award of your "Order of Merit" for my picture of "David's Promise to Bathsheba," now in the Royal Academy.

I am, honoured Sir, your most obliged servant,

FREDK. GOODALL.

TEA AND TODDY.

A well-known judge lately remarked of a defendant that "he belonged to that most melancholy race called teetotallers."—Daily Paper.

As he walked through the streets, he shivered and shook

At the thought of his past years of folly;

He knew that he wore a most miserable look,

This type of the "race melancholy."

His friends might be festive and gay every night,

All cheered by the bright foaming chalice,

But he never knew any greater delight

Than that of the mild coffee-palace.

The sight of Old Tom his desire might arouse,

The dew of Ben Nevis might taunt him;

But he knew on the substance he dare not carouse

However the shadow might haunt him.

Great Bass was to him but a figure of speech,

And Guinness but madness and folly;

Burton he knew not—though he often would preach

Of "Burton upon Melancholy."

When he thought of his friends who'd grown portly on port,

Who never on ale appeared ailing;

If only he might dare to take "something short,"

Would the teetotal ghosts all start wailing?

A pub! Yes, he will! He's hopped in like a bird—

But the curtain shall fall on our brother;

We'll only record that the last words we heard

Were, "Now, dear, let's have jus' another!"

AN AWKWARD SITUATION.

THE foolish, fond mother had brought her young hopeful, aged fourteen or thereabouts, to see if he would do to fill the vacancy for a junior clerk advertised by Toyler, Moyler and Co., Multiplication Lane, E.C. "Ah—er—and—er—what is your son good at, Mrs. Jones? Does he like figures?" "That he does, sir," replied the widow, tearfully; "he just takes after his poor, dear pa in that respect. Like figures! You should see his eyes glisten when I take him to see a pantomime, or a burlesque, or a ballet at the Alhambra! Like figures, indeed!" That situation was still vacant next morning.

* The Fund will close June 30th.

ALLY SLOPER'S POOR RELIEF FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED IN LAST WEEK'S "HALF-HOLIDAY," £740 9s. 2½d. SINCE RECEIVED:—

JANE WOOLVIN, 2d.; JOBS, 1s.; TOMTIT, 2d.; LILY AND ANNIE, 1s.; DISPENSER OF NOXIOUS COMPOUNDS, 3d.; CHECKADEN, &c., 1d.; F. R. CODDINGTON (Dorchester), 6d.; A WATFORD SYMPATHIZER, 3d.; LOUIS STRANGE, 1s.; MR. JOHN MILTON, 3s.; MANIMANOMAJA, 2s.; SERGEANT H. W. WILSON, 1s. 6d.; CHILDREN, 2s.; P. W., 3d.; C. DALTON, 6d.; W. BRAMHAM, 6d.; JAMES GILLESPIE, 3d.; H. N. SWELL (Benington, Boston), 2d.; WILLIAM ROGERS, 3d.; M. A. BELCHER, 1s.; MISS C., 4d.; H. D. WRIGHT, 1d.; VERA, 1d.; HARRY PHILIP, 6d.; Collected by F. G. RANSLEY, 1s. 11d.; A. LAMBERT, 2d.; F. KLUITE, 1d.; J. J. HANSON, 2d.; W. PARKER, 6d.; MRS. J. BREWEN, 1d.; CHARLES S. MILLAN, 6d.

Making a total received up to June 13th, 1888, £741 9s. 3½d.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

HISTORICAL.—When Rowland Hill gave a present of a sovereign all round to his children, a poet said he tipped the little Hills with gold.

The difference between a watch-key and a captain on the lookout for squalls is, that one winds the watch, the other watches the wind.

A LITTLE girl SLOPER knows has made up her mind she never will be married, but be a widow instead—she looks so pretty in black.

How do we know that auctions existed among the ancient Greeks?—Because we have it on good authority that Homer sometimes nodded.

A LEADING ARTICLE.—A donkey.

DEAD LANGUAGE.—Ghosts' gossip.

YAWNING GULFS.—Physic at bed-time.

ACQUIRED TASTES.—Olives and Babies.

A CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT.—The treadmill.

CAN a housemaid cleaning a grate be called (h)ob-servant?

THE PRETTIEST MISS PRETTYMAN.

A LONDON LOVE STORY.

V.—(Continued.)

As well as Tom Potter can tell, without going too fatiguingly into the matter, Tompkins is a fool. Later on, by way of amendment, he adds, an



Just the time for a nap.

offensive fool. Why should he, Tom, talk to such a person? He won't. On the contrary. But then, again. Yet, why should he not? After all, suppose? However. And then, wherefore? But this is getting absurd again. It is extraordinary how everything, under some circumstances, keeps on getting ridiculous. Perhaps it is owing to the sherry.

Bright thought! Why not go and get another glass? Upon reflection, however, won't it be best to say something before going? Perhaps it does look rather silly to go up to a lady and say, "Oh! I've found you, have I?" and

then say nothing else. A remark of that kind ought to be followed up by something rather witty, when one can think of it.

In lieu of the something witty not at the moment forthcoming, why not, after all, speak to Tompkins? Well, he will.

"And how are the recitations by this time?"

Tompkins doesn't like this apparently, but the rest laugh. This is good fun. After a moment's pause, however, Tompkins replies, and the rest laugh again. Now is the time to say something more of a witty nature; but somehow Tom is too long saying it, and he finds himself alone before he has exactly decided what it shall be.

After all, it is not so disagreeable to have a few moments to one's self now and then. This is just the time for a nap, and Tom thinks he will take it.

Half-way through the nap there is an interruption. The interruption is Tompkins.

"I should like to say a word to you."

"Certainly."

This is the moment to stand up and look dignified. Tom can't stand, but looks as dignified as possible, after making a futile effort to attain an upright position, and falling back with a bump.

Meanwhile, Tompkins is saying the word he alluded to.

"You're a drunken snob," he says, "and if you were sober I should kick you downstairs."

An idea occurs to Tom—"It's lucky for me I'm drunk."

Sorry he has said it, though, after having done so—not a very dignified rejoinder.

Presently—perhaps some years afterwards, but probably about half an hour—Tom is asking for his hat. There is a difficulty about Tom's hat.

Will he look, himself? Yes, he will look. The worst of picking up things is, you are apt to tumble over among them. When you have tumbled over, it is rather difficult to get up again.

On his feet, however, somehow—probably helped up by the old person in white cotton gloves—an affectionate old person who smells of spirits.

"Shall I get you a cab, sir?"

"No, thank you."

"Are you better now, sir?"

"What you mean? I'm right."

Not quite so right, though, out in the air. Rather confusing, in fact, with a tendency upon the part of things generally to turn round and stand upon their heads. Tom Potter is not wholly exempt from this weakness, but resists the feeling with much spirit by clutching tightly at the area railings.

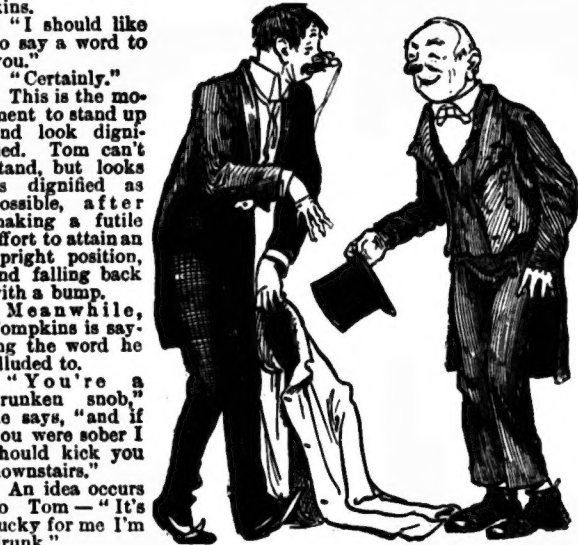
Time meanwhile rolling on, while the day breaks over the chimney-pots, somebody begins to bring round the milk, and a policeman wants to know where Mr. Potter lives, and whether he doesn't think he ought to be getting towards home.

It is very fortunate, perhaps, that a gentleman passing by—a perfect gentleman, though quite a stranger—is going the same road as Mr. Potter. Strange to say for so perfect a gentleman, rather shabby about the boots and black about the finger-nails, with, however, the finest sentiments and a beautiful flow of language. So beautiful, that Tom, listening, loses himself half-way through one of the best sentences, and takes a little nap.

"Here's a cab passing. You'd better ride the rest of the way."

Perhaps he had. "Hi, four-wheeler!"

(To be continued next week.)



An affectionate old person.



A perfect gentleman.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 32.—ROBERT E. VILLIERS, F.O.S.

"Robert Edwin Villiers is supposed to have, at one portion of his career, shone forth as a popular actor at the Haymarket Theatre. It was indeed said by some that no one could compete with him in giving forth that thrilling announcement, 'My lord, the carriage waits.' Robert, from a very early period of his existence, has shown a great affection for oranges—indeed, so strong is this liking, that it was only by strong coercive powers that he was prevented from turning the London Pavilion Music Hall into an orange bower. We have not much doubt in our own minds that an orange bower was the scene of his birth. What he was sent for is a rather difficult question to answer, but certain rumours which have lately come to our ears lead us to think that it was as a sort of Play-thing-in-Chief for the Metropolitan Board of Works; but A. SLOPER has great hopes of rescuing him from this degrading position, as he takes quite a fatherly interest in Villiers. Chiefly because he knew how to 'WORK THE BOARD,' Robert was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him, November 14th, 1885."—*Debreit improved.*



Sweet Innocent. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I sometimes wish I had not been born so awfully pretty, and then all the tiresome men would not come clamouring about like bees round a honey-suckle! But perhaps, in that case, they would crowd around someone else—and I couldn't bear that!



Bob. Shapes well, Tom; nice head, set on good shoulders; some fine points; high-spirited; not at all a bad little ally, my boy. *Tom.* No, not bad. Rather high up in the rear, perhaps, but that may be altered with a little gentleness. She'll require a strong jockey to handle her, and the use of the curb rein, to prevent her jibbing—and then she might do!



She. Do you like coffee, Mr. Spindles?
He. Yes, but it affects my head so.
She. Oh! that is the reason you use other people's!



"Hallo, Webber! Down for a week's blow, you say?"
"Yass." "Guess you're a strong swimmer, aren't you?"
"Pretty good." "You've got the right sort o' hands and feet for it, anyway, old man!"



"Had an awful mess the other night," said Captain Poofery to an intimate friend. "Got entangled in the gas. 'Are you hurt?' asked Lady Miffit. 'Thundering whelps! madam, you've got a lot of gas,' said I. She took it in the wrong light, and her footmen are awfully well shodden."

WHAT A SHAME!



Great Overgrown Man Thing. Take you out, dear? Of course we will. But this time let it be a fair division of labour—you row, and we'll make the cigarettes.

"HOMELESS, RAGGED AND TANNED."

